

BURIED ALIVE FOR THEIR RELIGION.

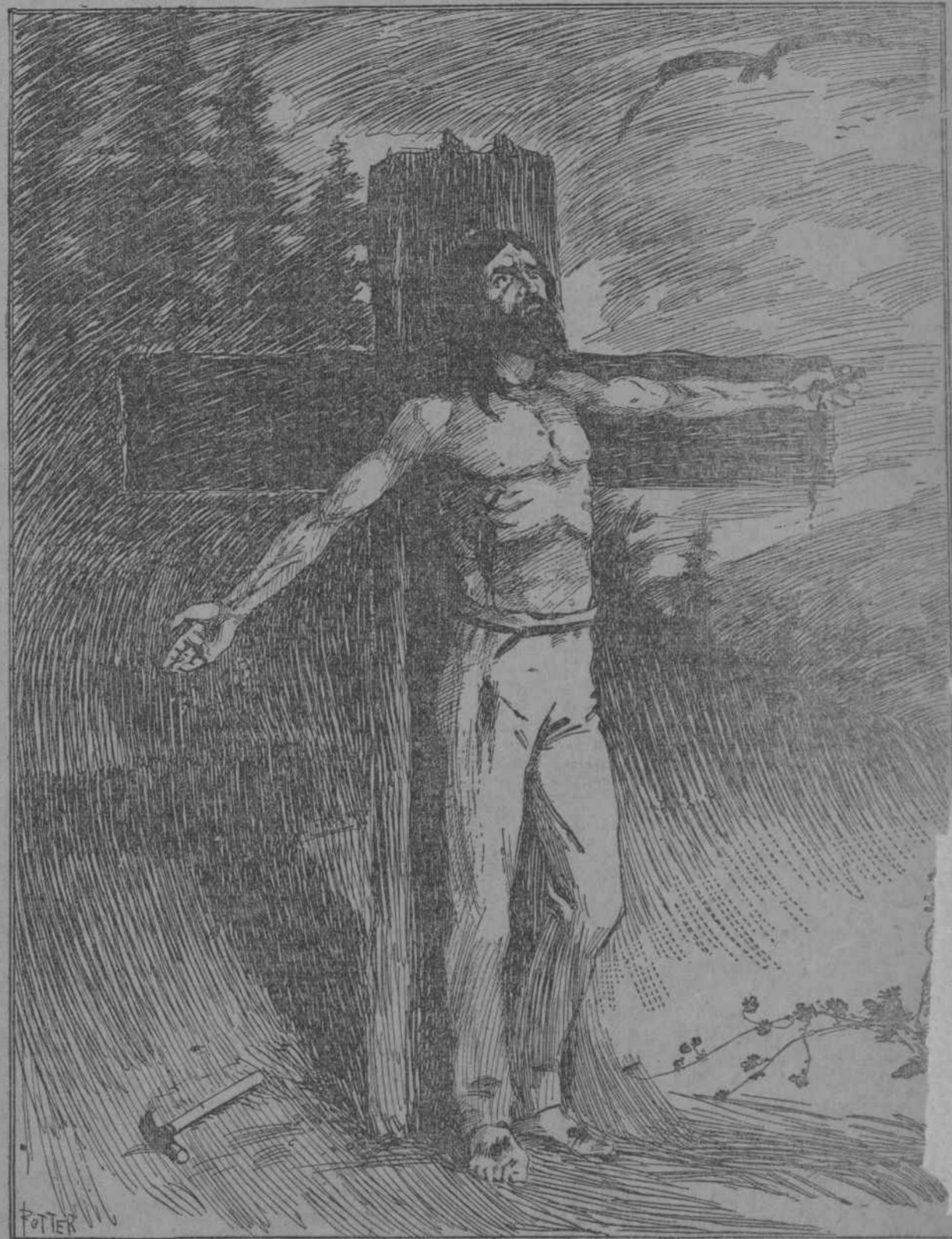
Terrible Story of a Sect of Russian Fanatics Who Voluntarily Allow Themselves to Be Walled Up and Suffocated to Death, with Mysterious Ceremonies by Their Leader, in Cellars and Caves.



Russia's Religious Fanatics Calmly Waiting to Be Swallowed Up by the Earth.
(FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN LE PETIT PARISIEN, AFTER SKETCHES BY ITS ARTIST WHO VISITED THE PLACE.)

THOUGHT HIMSELF A MESSIAH.

James Bound, Carpenter, Nailed Himself to a Cross Through Both Feet and One Hand, and After One Night of Bleeding and Torture He Was Arrested for Attempted Suicide.



How the Would-Be Messiah Locked When Discovered the Next Morning.

(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE SCENE.)

BURIAL ALIVE FOR THEIR GOD. GLOOMY JUNE SUICIDES.

Russia's Extraordinary People Who Go Willingly Alive Into Their Graves.

THE full details have just been received of an extraordinary and horrible outbreak of religious fanaticism in Russia.

The most remarkable feature of it is the burying alive or immuring alive of certain doomed members of the sect. So great a sensation has the discovery caused that correspondents have been sent to the scene from all parts of Europe. The fanatics live in and about Tiraspol, a village seventy miles northwest of Odessa. The sect is known as the Beguni and is an outgrowth of a larger body called the Raskeinski.

The caves are of small depth with narrow entrances. The voluntary victims took their places within them after mysterious ceremonies. They were not even bound. They stood there awaiting the horrors of death by suffocation with perfect resignation.

While the victims stood in the caves the fanatic fanatics filled up the entrances with large stones and mortar, thoroughly excluding air and doing their work in a way that would make escape impossible to a man without tools. But no one tried to escape.

One of the persons arrested is Feodor Kovaleff. He walled up nine persons in the cellars of his house and buried six alive. Among those immured were his wife and two children.

The bodies of all fifteen were recovered. An extraordinary thing appeared in connection with those had had been buried alive. Their position and expression showed that they had died without a struggle or even a movement.

They lay down in their graves, and while their co-fanatics shovelled the earth over them they stirred not a hand's breadth. Fanaticism triumphed absolutely over the horrors of death.

One of the most striking personalities among the fanatics was a woman called Vitalia. She was a sort of prophetess. In her youth she entered an orthodox convent. She was of well-to-do parents and well educated.

Vitalia was of commanding figure, had handsome features, was very eloquent and possessed marvellous personal influence. She persuaded Kovaleff that he must sacrifice his wife and children. He appears to have shown some reluctance as far as they were concerned. He also grieved exceedingly that he was not permitted to die himself.

Vitalia herself was buried alive a month ago. Her body has been unearthed.

An Epidemic Caused by Cold East Winds and Endless Rain.

The gloomy, unseasonable weather that has been prevailing since the opening of May has done more than ruin business for the seaside resorts. It has brought an epidemic of suicide.

There were twenty-four suicides and many more attempts in Greater New York during the month of May. This fact has caused much comment among the physicians and in the various medical journals. The epidemic of suicide seems to have spread with lightning-like rapidity from one end of Greater New York to the other.

The experts who have studied the epidemic of suicide have noticed one fact more striking than any of the rest. This is that the persons committing suicide were nearly all of the higher intellectual grade. Negroes, Chinamen and those of the lower orders seldom attempt self-murder. The Germans and Americans furnish the largest percentage of suicides. They are closely followed by the Frenchmen. The Englishman is so slow in waking up to his condition that when he does he is apt to find it already bettered. The prosaic Scotchman and the good-natured Irishman seem to have less cause to quarrel with fate, while the hot-blooded Spaniard and the passionate Italian vent the intensity of their feelings upon others instead of upon themselves.

Among the physicians who have been discussing the question of the May suicides, are Dr. Seneca Powell and Dr. Graciano Hammond, the noted brain and nerve specialist. Dr. Powell in speaking of the matter said:

"The atrocious weather that has visited us is almost enough to warrant anybody taking his life. These east winds we are having are most depressing. They are penetrating and annoying. There is no doubt that the weather affects the mental condition. I have never visited my patients when an east wind was blowing that I didn't find them depressed and nervous and more hopeless concerning their condition. Of course, suicides are always more common during times of financial depression such as we have now. Business was never in such a deplorable state. I've never heard physicians complain so much of the difficulty in collecting bills.

"No person is absolutely sane when his emotions are wrought up by any extraordinary circumstance. However, the person who commits suicide is not necessarily a lunatic.

Dr. Hammond said: "The nearer the lower order of intelligence is approached, the fewer suicides are committed. Still, even animals occasionally commit suicide. Not long since a dog did this. I believe suicide is justifiable in some cases. If I were suffering from a cancer or hydrophobia, I would not hesitate to take my life. Lunacy is the cause of most of the suicidal cases."



Leroy George, the Man Who Finds Rattlesnakes Are Good Company.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

LEROY GEORGE, of Pomona, Cal., literally rolls in rattlesnakes. The achievements of the snake charmer of the Orient, or of the circus become insignificant when compared with his.

For a week a host of people have been holding their breath while he has risked his life in a literal den of writhing, hissing rattlesnakes for the sake of a few dollars a day, gained from admission fees. Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli, who whispered commands to the vipers and pythons, and dispatched them on errands in the jungle, never had so little fear from his reptilian associates as this young man amid his writhing mass of rattlesnakes a foot deep, fresh from their homes on the desert plains of Arizona.

He learned how harmless they are, he says, one night when a rattler slept on his breast, but did not strike him. His theory is that rattlesnakes may be taught by kind treatment to become man's friend.

He now gives a show daily, doing wonders with over 100 snakes. The day a Journal reporter saw him he had 128.

A score of times the serpents raised their heads and darted out their forked tongues in an effort to get to another part of the enclosure, but he struck them gently across the head with his palms and subdued them.

Then the youth performed all manner of tricks with the rattlesnakes, to show how he had them under his control. He thrust a half dozen great, fat, diamond-striped fellows, five feet long, each bearing a two-inch chain of rattles, into the opening of his shirt and let them writhe there next to his flesh. Meanwhile he wound a half dozen serpents about his neck, stuffed some smaller serpents in his pockets and plucked a half dozen savage old yellow snakes into

a frenzy by repeatedly thrusting his hands in their faces. The din of rattling became so loud that one had to raise his voice to be heard. One or two Mexican sheepherders exclaimed aloud, in spite of themselves, for fear that the youth would be stung to death before their eyes.

Then the youth smilingly scooped aside the twisting, buzzing swarm and made room for himself to sit down on the floor. He partially reclined, leaning his head and shoulders against a heap of snakes half a foot high. The creatures swarmed across his chest, over his shoulders and around his arms and neck. They hissed and rattled about his ears, but he only laughed at the fright the spectators showed. The youth plied twenty or thirty slithering diamond-skinned snakes on his lap, and watched them as they raised their flat heads in the air, and then glided off his body to squirm among the other snakes on the floor.

POPE LEO GRANTS BOON.

The Famous Aztec Calendar to Be Reissued by the Duc de Loubat.

Pope Leo has privileged the Duc de Loubat to reissue the famous Aztec Calendar, one of the most interesting of ancient American books, heretofore known in science as "No. 5773 of the Vatican Library."

A transcript of this book, and a very unsatisfactory one, was issued by an Irish writer, Edward King, sometimes called Viscount Kingsborough, in the early forties, under the title of "Antiquities of Mexico," but as by the mistakes of the Lord's technical adviser, the Roman artist Aglio, the pages were not given in proper succession, science was more mystified than it profited by the reproduction, or the alleged reproduction, of the great book. The library of the Vatican became possessed of this treasure in 1500 by one of the Dukes of Terranova and Monteleone. In Sicily, before the Duke of Terranova, conqueror of Mexico, who surrendered this priceless record of Aztec literature and learning to the Holy See, while other less elaborate and much smaller specimens of Aztec writings went to various European libraries, one, strange to say, to that of the Elector of Saxony, where it is still preserved in the Royal Library in Dresden.

The Aztec book consists of ten pieces of hide of different lengths, and although they are merely cemented together by some sort of mud, they have not loosened one bit in three centuries. The whole book is seven metres long and folded, like a fan, in forty-eight leaflets, the ends of which are fastened to pieces of wood, the whole forming a so-called Amortontill, eight inches high, seven inches broad and nearly three inches thick.

The characters are written on both sides, the original hide being covered by white gum lac or varnish. The colors are well preserved, though of somewhat darkish hue, as is customary with the American Indians.

The covers of the book are of wood. They were likewise covered with lacquer originally, but most of it has worn off. In one corner there is a small, round, greenish turquoise, such as the Mexicans used to employ in their work of mosaics. On the back cover there is nothing but a hole to mark the place where a stone formerly adorned it.

The book is done in hieroglyphics; that is, pure picture writing, the names of all things being represented by painted objects which correspond to them. It was the work of the Nahuas tribe and represents a religious calendar, the time being measured by a solar year composed of eighteen months of twenty days each, adding five complementary days to make up the 365.

CRUCIFIED HIMSELF.

Bound Hoped to Save the World, Nailed Himself to a Cross---Now He's In Jail.

FROM far away Kamloope, in British Columbia, comes the strange story of the self-crucifixion of James Bound, a carpenter, whose religious exaltation became acute mania. He believed himself called upon to emulate the Divine Anointed, and by a lingering death upon the cross lift the burden of sin from the world.

He proclaimed himself as a Messiah. He entered upon his mission in his thirtieth year, as Jesus did. Three weeks ago he announced that the time was at hand for his martyrdom and the attainment of the world's salvation. To the grinning crowd, whom his disordered fancy made apostles, he cried:

"Ye who crucify me shall not be cursed. I have had a vision from God, and he has shown me that this atonement shall be made without a betrayal, without a Judas. Your hands will not be stained with blood money. It is to the redemption of the world that I bid you come. The glory shall be mine, but ye shall behold it tomorrow ye shall sail me to the cross."

That night he made and planned the cross. The next day he stood before it and awaited the arrival of those who he believed would assist him in his martyrdom. But they came not, and he went into town to reconstrue with them for their lack of faith in his mission. Again and again he waited in vain. At last on Sunday, May 30, after taking part in a religious gathering, he returned to the lonely cabin in which he lived, bathed in the adjacent stream, and then with the stoicism or indifference to suffering of the fanatic, deliberately took his place on the cross, drove sharp nails through his feet, and with the hammer in his right hand nailed his left hand to an arm of the cross. With a knife he gashed himself in the side. Then he waited for some one to come along to complete the crucifixion.

A man out looking for a stray dog the next morning found the gruesome figure, weak from the great loss of blood. The torture seemed to have worked change in Bound's idea of his mission. The idea that he was called upon to deem the world seemed to have faded with his blood, for as the man dug the nails, and freed him from the cross, he said:

"It is foolish to say that a man can bear more pain and hardship and than a white man. I am growing self. For weeks I have lived on roots and weeds and roots that grow on the side of the river, and surely I have as well as any savage on the coast. You yourself that I am not what Bound was taken to jail this